

Go Burn a Cat

by Esme

Category: Water Rats

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-02 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-02 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:12:07

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,942

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Rachel and Frank spend their day off together. Fish and chips, slurpees and fun!

Go Burn a Cat

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Title:

Title: Go Burn a Cat

> Author: Esme [erinwilson@trump.net.au]
 Date written: January - May 2000

>
 Disclaimer: although Mr McElroy has gone on to make dodgy shows (has anyone watched "Going Home"? Die, Denton, die) he still did make some good shows once upon a time. And because of that, we all have to say that he owns the characters in our stories, and we don't.

>
 Author's notes: it was a warm summer day in Melbourne when I nervously picked up the phone and dialled an unfamiliar number. Within an hour I found myself even more nervously standing on Ness' doorstep. What followed was certainly an interesting afternoon. The characters portrayed in this story are fictitious, but the events are not.

>
 Author's second notes: "Cosi" is such a brilliant movie, and if you don't agree, go burn a cat.

>
 More notes: And most of this was written before Maggie's demise in Blue Heelers.

>
 Dedication: to Suz and Ness, thanks for the experience - even the slurpee initiation.

>

>
 ~ * ~ * ~

>
 Go Burn a Cat

>
 ~ * ~ * ~

>

>

> Rachel stepped up to the door and rang the doorbell with confidence. She waited. Behind the door a dog was barking madly. Was she at the right house? Then she heard footsteps and someone fumbling

the keys in the lock. Finally the door opened and Frank grinned at her.

> "Come in!"

> Rachel stepped in cautiously. It wasn't that she was in unknown territory, she just wasn't sure what Frank wanted. There seemed to be a hint of mischief behind Frank's eyes.

> "Frank, this is our first day off in years. So tell me - why exactly am I visiting you?"

> "I missed ya Rach! I needed to see you!"

> A dog was barking around their feet. "Oh by the way," said Frank, "this is Henry."

> "Frank, you don't have a dog."

> "Yeah I do!"

> "No, you don't. You're hopeless with animals."

> "Well Henry's just visiting. Anyway, I cleaned the house just for you."

> "Yeah, it shows," said Rachel dryly, choosing to forget about the dog issue.

> "You know," said Frank, "I think I've got the perfect book for you." He went to the bookcase and picked out a book. "If conversation ever gets boring, try one of them."

> "'The Ultimate Book of Insults'? Thanks Frank, but I like to be creative and use my own insults."

> "Yeah, I noticed," said Frank.

> "Oh bite me."

> "Go burn a cat!"

> "Nup, I can't compete with that."

> "Bloody well learn to."

> "Screw you!"

> "No thanks," said Frank. "Do you want to see my kitchen?"

> "I've seen it before."

> "Yeah, but don't you want to see it again?"

> "No," said Rachel - straight to the point.

> "Well, I'm hungry, so I'm going to the kitchen."

> Rachel shook her head as she followed him along the hallway. Frank really was quite crazy.

> They arrived in the kitchen and Frank went about making himself a sandwich.

> "Nice kitchen," said Rachel.

> "Thanks," came Frank's gracious reply. "So what do you want to do today?"

> "I d'no - you're the one who called this meeting."

> Frank got a bottle of lemonade out of the fridge, "Want some?"

> "You haven't got anything stronger?" asked Rachel.

> "Not at this time of day," said Frank.

> "Yeah, well that'll have to do."

> "The glasses are over there," said Frank, pointing to a cupboard.

> "The perfect host - you overwhelm me," said Rachel as she helped herself to a drink. "So are we just going to sit around here all day?"

> "Well I asked you what you wanted to do and you didn't know!"

> "Like I said," Rachel replied, "I don't care - I'm easy."

> Frank opened his mouth to reply, but Rachel beat him to it. "***Don't*** say it!"

> Frank hopped around the kitchen, literally biting his tongue.

> "You really need to say it, don't you?" laughed Rachel.

> Frank calmed himself before speaking again. "Do you wanna watch a video?"

> "Yeah, I suppose so."

> "You're scared. You're just gonna say yes to everything I say."

> "I am not! Shit Frank, who'd be scared of *you*?" Rachel said indignantly. "I would like to watch a video. I don't get much chance to watch TV, so this might be good."

> "Fine, I'll pick a random one from my collection."

> ~ * ~ * ~

> "Oh, what is this trash anyway?" Rachel sounded disgusted.

> "Like I said, it's Blue Heelers - Australia's top-rating cop show," said Frank.

> "It's crap! Frank, it is so unrealistic."

> They were half way through the show but Rachel still couldn't believe that people really watched this stuff.

> "Oh look at that!" As much as she said she hated it, Rachel was getting very involved. "I hate Maggie, she's a bitch."

> "Well apparently she dies," said Frank.

> "Yeah?" said Rachel. "Where'd you hear that?"

> "Oh it's just the latest goss," Frank replied. "I read it in some magazine."

> "What, 'Woman's Day', or 'New Idea'? Or don't tell me - you read 'TV Week'!" Rachel laughed at the thought.

> "Well you seem to know your gossip magazines pretty well," retorted Frank. "Are ya sure you don't read them every week."

> "Nah, don't have time."

> "Oh," said Frank, disappointed that Rachel hadn't jumped at his teasing. "Well, like I said the goss is that Maggie dies."

> "Good. I'll chuck a party."

> "Whilst the rest of Australia is crying?"

> "Yep."

> "Geez you're heartless Rachel."

> "Frank, bite me."

> "Rachel - go burn a cat."

> "You know I can't compete with that."

> "Bloody well learn to."

> "Ooh! Screw you." Rachel stared at Frank, almost daring him to do it, but she turned her attention back to the TV. "Bloody ads! Hurry up and fast-forward it."

> "I thought you didn't like this show?" said Frank.

> "I don't," Rachel quickly replied, "but I don't want to sit around all day watching stupid advertisements."

> "Well Rachel, *you* could always press fast-forward."

> "But I don't have a remote control," whined Rachel.

> "When did you get so bloody lazy?" asked Frank as he fast-forwarded through the ads.

> "On my day off," Rachel retorted. Then she scoffed at the TV, "oh please! No cop would do that!"

> "You know, I reckon Maggie ain't half bad," said Frank, knowing he was stepping into dangerous waters.

> "Frank, she's a bitch."

> "Maybe. But she's a pretty good looking sheila," he continued, realising that he was probably digging his own grave right now.

> "Yeah? Well that PJ guy is more suitable to my tastes than Maggie. In fact, he's pretty good looking," Rachel said, looking seriously at Frank.

> "Really?"

> "Yeah, I could handle waking up next to him every day," she said

dreamily.

> "Rach, you gotta be kidding," said Frank. "I mean he's got less hair than me. And I'll bet my house that I drink more beer than him - but do you see a beer gut on me? They guy has a stomach falling out over his belt, and"

> "Frank, you aren't jealous? are you?" Rachel asked mockingly.

> "'Course not!" he said. "I'm merely pointing out that even *I* would be a better choice than Mr Pyjamas over there."

> "So *you* are better then Detective Hasham there, but *I* am not as good as Little Miss Doyle?" Rachel challenged him with her eyes. She dared him to say yes, dared him to say no. Either way he was living dangerously, so he changed the subject.

> "More lemonade?"

> Rachel grinned and thought 'Round one to me!'

> "You know I really have a craving for fish and chips," she said.

> "Yeah? Well do you wanna go get some?" asked Frank.

> "Nah, I'm too lazy to even think about getting up," yawned Rachel.

> "Well if you want to get fish and chips we can," said Frank. "I mean, I had them yesterday, but that doesn't matter."

> "Oh if you had them yesterday then you won't want them today," Rachel said.

> "No it's all right. I had them the day before too."

> "Well you definitely won't want them"

> "And the day before that"

> "Frank, how could you?"

> "And I think I even had them the day before that"

> "That is disgusting," said Rachel. "Don't you ever eat real food?"

> "Nah, not often," replied Frank.

> ~ * ~ * ~

> "Come on, please Rach? It's only on our day off!"

> "No way. Absolutely not. It's *never* going to happen," Rachel replied.

> "It can't hurt! Let's just try it, and if I don't live up to your standard, then we'll stop," Frank tried his hardest to persuade her.

> "No."

> "Please?"

> "N - O, NO! Learn the word!"

> "Rachel"

> "Frank, you are *not* driving. I'll let you navigate, but there is no way you are going to be in control of the car."

> "But"

> "No."

> "I"

> "No!"

> Frank finally gave in and he thought 'Round two to Rachel.'

> "So where are we going anyway?" she asked.

> "To a fish and chip shop," Frank replied sulkily.

> "Great," said Rachel - choosing to ignore Frank's sulkiness. "Where exactly would this fish and chip shop be?"

> "In Cronulla," Frank replied.

> "Cronulla?? Frank, that's bloody well on the other side of Sydney!"

> "Yeah, but they make nice fish and chips."

> "Are you sure you couldn't try to find nice fish and chips just a

little closer to home?" Rachel asked gently.

> "I *always* buy my fish and chips in Cronulla," said Frank quietly.
"It's tradition."

> "And we can't break tradition?" asked Rachel - testing to see if
Frank was serious or not.

> "No."

> Yep, he was serious.

> They drove in silence for some time. Rachel pretended to be
concentrating on driving; although really the traffic was so mild and
her experience so extensive, that she probably could have driven
along with her eyes shut.

> Finally Frank broke the silence.

> "So"

> 'This sounds serious,' thought Rachel. She mentally prepared
herself - what could he be about to say? Thousands of topics raced
through her mind: relationships, love, death, life, families, sex,
friendship or would he talk shop? Or sport - shit who won the
football last night? Or has the football finished? What was the
cricket score? Football or cricket? 'Bloody hell' she thought.

> Then Frank dropped his bombshell of what topic he was beginning the
conversation with

> "Do ya reckon we'll need two bucks worth of chips, or three? Or
maybe four dollars?"

> "Sorry?" said Rachel.

> "Chips. How much do ya reckon we'll need?" repeated Frank.

> Rachel breathed a sigh of relief and almost let out a laugh. Frank
hadn't been brooding over a serious issue for the last half-hour. He
didn't have something on his mind, and there was no hidden agenda to
this outing today - he just wanted company.

> "Rachel? Rach??" Rachel brought her attention back to Frank. "Rach,
I said 'how much will you eat?'"

> "Oh, um I d'no. I'm not really that hungry."

> "Yeah," said Frank, thinking hard. "I reckon we'll need three bucks
worth of chips. And do you want any fish?"

> "Nah, not really," replied Rachel.

> "Well three bucks and two bits of fish then," Frank said
decisively.

> "I said I *didn't* want fish," said Rachel.

> "I know."

> "But you said ' two bits of fish'," Rachel said, looking
confused.

> "Yeah. They're for me," Frank replied.

> "You're a pig Holloway!"

> "Hey, I'm a growing boy!" said Frank - pretending to look hurt.
"Look at me I'm positively anorexic!"

> "Yeah, and I'm positively obese," retorted Rachel.

> "Ooh, and a scathing remark there from Rachel Goldstein"

> "Bite me."

> "Yeah? Go burn a cat."

> "I can't compete with that."

> "Bloody well learn to Rachel!"

> "Screw you Frank!"

> "Go ahead," said Frank, looking at Rachel seductively.

> Rachel responded by whacking him in the abdomen, whilst still
keeping her eyes on the road.

> "Oof!" Frank was temporarily winded, "Geez Rach, you pack a good
punch."

> "I know," she said, as she thought 'Round three to me!'
> ~ * ~ * ~

> "This is it!" said Frank, and he directed Rachel to park in the carpark of the small shopping court.

> They got out of the car and stretched their legs, and walked towards the fish and chip shop. They were halfway there before they looked up and saw the sign on the door. They looked at each other.

> "Closed," they both said at the same time.

> Simultaneously, and without a pause they smoothly turned around and walked straight back to the car. They got in and looked at each other again. Then Rachel - who was finally beginning to relax - got the giggles. A grin spread across Frank's face as he watched Rachel try to control herself. They'd worked together for how long? and he'd never seen her giggle like this.

> Rachel took a deep breath and then looked seriously at her partner. "Frank, we drove for ages so that we wouldn't break tradition and we would get the best fish and chips in Sydney. And they're closed."

> Frank smiled back sheepishly.

> "That," said Rachel, "is the last time you get to choose where we're going."

> "How was I to know they were closed?" complained Frank.

> "I d'no," said Rachel, "but you should've known!"

> "Sorry, I'm not psychic."

> "Frank the last thing I wanted today was a long pointless drive in this stinking hot weather," whinged Rachel.

> "It's not stinking hot," said Frank.

> "Fine! The last thing I wanted in this *warm* weather was a long drive that was *pointless*," she put extra emphasis on the last word.

> "I get your *point* Rachel," laughed Frank.

> Rachel sighed and shook her head. Frank was a lost cause. "So where to now?" she asked.

> "I thought I was never allowed to choose ever again?"

> "Yeah well you directed us into this dump, so you can direct us out of it."

> "Okay," said Frank. "Turn left there."

> "Where?"

> "There!"

> Rachel slammed on the breaks, and skidded through the left-hand turn. "Shit Frank, some warning would be nice!"

> "Nah, you handled that one all right. Although one of those hand-brake turns would have been classier." Frank thought 'Round four to me!' as he looked at Rachel and grinned. She saw it as an evil grin - if this was his last navigating experience, he was going to enjoy it.

> "And left up here," said Frank.

> "Up there?" asked Rachel.

> "Yep."

> "Frank, it's a gravel road - it's probably a driveway."

> "Nah, it's a short-cut."

> "Oh what would you know?"

> "Remember Rachel? I always come out here for fish and chips - it's tradition! I know these suburbs almost as well as I know my own!"

> "All right, but if this turns out to be a dead end Frank, you are going to wash my car all right?"

> Frank grinned and Rachel turned up the gravel road.

> The car bumped along what could really only be described as a track. Rachel sent Frank many withering glances, but he just grinned back. "Ooh, watch out," he said, "big muddy puddle up ahead."

> Rachel looked up ahead, "No there isn't!" she scoffed. "What are you talking about? It's as dry as a bone out there."

> Frank shook his head and muttered something about bloody women; Rachel chose to ignore him. As they reached the spot where Frank had said there was a puddle, a wonderful clay-coloured fountain shot up on each side of the car. "Shit," muttered Rachel, as the sides of her car became coated in the murky mixture. 'Round five to Frank,' she thought bitterly.

> Frank looked at her with an innocent I-told-you-so look on his face.

> The car was silent again as they drove back towards their familiar suburbs. Rachel was seething as she envisaged the mud baking onto the body of her car. Frank could see that she wasn't exactly in a good mood, and he decided it would be wisest to keep his mouth shut.

> After an extended period of silence, Frank couldn't handle it any more. "Whose idea was this anyway?"

> "Yours I believe," Rachel said sourly.

> "Hey, you were the one who wanted fish and chips!" Frank said defensively.

> "Oh you really wanted them more than I did," said Rachel. "And you were the one who said we had to drive to Cronulla just to get fish and chips, and then the shop was closed."

> Frank began to sulk, but then his eyes lit up as he saw the SevenEleven sign loom up in the distance. "What'd we want fish 'n' chips for anyway? It's boiling hot, it's not the right weather for that stuff anyway! What we need is slurpees!"

>
 "Slurpees?" said Rachel.

>
 "Yeah, you know," said Frank.

>
 "Sorry Frank, I don't."

>
 "Ya don't know what a slurpee is?" Frank asked in astonishment.

>
 "Nope."

>
 "Rach, how can you be so un-educated?" said Frank. "I thought everyone knew what slurpees were? Hasn't David ever made you buy one?"

>
 "No. Sorry Frank, but I think I've grown up a little," Rachel said. "'Slurpee' sounds like something for little kids."

>
 "You are never too old for a slurpee," Frank said philosophically. "Quick, pull in here!"

>
 "Where?"

>
 "There! At Seven/Eleven. It's time for operation slurpee initiation."

>
 As Rachel pulled into the Seven/Eleven carpark, she just groaned.

>
 Frank walked into the shop like an excited small child; Rachel trudged reluctantly in after him.

>
 "It's my shout," Frank said with a grin, as they reached the slurpee machine.

>
 "I'm overwhelmed," said Rachel.

>
 "Since it's your initiation you'll have to have a big one," said Frank as he reached for a jumbo cup.

>
 "I don't think so," Rachel said as she grabbed his arm.

>
 "Oh Rach"

>
 "No!"

>
 "Okay, just a large then," said Frank. He picked up a large cup and began to fill it with the raspberry flavour.

>
 "Hey, aren't you going to ask me what flavour I want?" Rachel said indignantly.

>
 "No," replied Frank, as he moved on to the mango flavour.
>
 "Two flavours in one cup?" Rachel said with a disgusted look on her face.
>
 "No," said Frank.
>
 "Well what are you doing then? There's raspberry and mango in that cup," said Rachel.
>
 "I know," Frank said as he moved on to the cola flavour.
>
 "Frank, I am not drinking that," Rachel said seriously. "Who would want that mixture?"
>
 "Rachel, you have to drink it. You'll love it," said Frank as he moved on to the final flavour and reached the top of the cup with lemon.
>
 "Frank" she whined.
>
 "Don't whine Rach, it's not polite," said Frank as he reached for a small cup and filled it with lemon slurpee.
>
 "How come you aren't having all four flavours?" she challenged.
>
 "Because I'm not on initiation," replied Frank.
>
 As they walked to the counter Rachel was grumbling under her breath. Frank chose to ignore her as he paid for the drinks and walked out.
>
 "Here you are," Frank said with a grin as they got into the car.
>
 "Frank, I'm not drinking it," said Rachel.
>
 "Rachel I just spent my life savings on this, you can't let me down."
>
 "Fraaaaaank"
>
 "And besides, if you don't then it'll just sit here and melt all over your car," said Frank with a smirk.
>
 Rachel looked horrified at the thought and reluctantly took the drink.
>
 'Round six to me!' thought Frank. "Well at least we're even now," said Frank as Rachel took a sip.
>
 "Even?"
>
 "Well you won the first three rounds, with that whole Maggie and PJ thing, and then you wouldn't let me drive, and then you punched me," Frank said. "And I won the last three with that left hand turn, and the mud puddle and now the slurpee!"
>
 "You were counting?" Rachel laughed condescendingly.
>
 "Oh and you weren't?" Frank challenged.
>
 "Oh bite me," said Rachel.
>
 "Go burn a cat!" Frank said.
>
 "I can't compete with that," sighed Rachel.
>
 "Bloody well learn to Goldstein."
>
 "Screw you Holloway."
>

> ~ * ~ * ~

> ende!

> Feedback! (and lots of it) erinwilson@trump.net.au

>

>

>

End
file.